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P. J. de Loutherbourg del.t Stallard sculp.t

Betimes his lisping tongue was taught to frame
With rev'rend awe his great Creator's Name;
His knees before th' eternal throne to bend,
And ask the blessings that a God could send.

Published April 12. 1790, by I. Stockdale, Piccadilly.

HENRY AND ACASTO:

A

MORAL TALE.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY THE REV. BRIAN HILL, A. M.
Late of Queen's College, Oxford; Chaplain to the Earl of Leven and Melvill; and Author of Travels through Sicily and Calabria.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

To the Right Honourable

LADY KENYON.

My ſon, if ſinners entice thee, conſent thou not. *Prov.* i. 10.

EMBELLISHED WITH THREE PLATES.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

1798.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY KENYON,

A PATTERN OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION,

AND OF MATERNAL EXCELLENCE,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

HER LADYSHIP's

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Upper Harley-street,
25th March, 1798.

789593

PREFACE.

THE Firſt Part of the following Poem was written as long ago as the year 1783, without any deſign of preſenting it to the world; but, having left the manuſcript for ſome time in the hands of my brother, he prepared it for the preſs, and ſoon ſhowed me a copy of it in print. As the public did me the honour to receive it with approbation, it ſpeedily paſſed through three editions, and I was frequently urged by my friends to bring the ſtory to a concluſion. Deſirous of complying with their requeſt, I

again entertained thoughts of turning poet; but, as what I formerly took up as an amuſement was then impoſed upon me as a taſk, I preſently deſiſted from the work, and reſiſted ſeveral ſolicitations to continue it, till a few months ago. The circumſtance, which then induced me to take up my pen, was the receipt of a letter from a lady, whoſe name I have not authority to mention. She was ſo obliging as to ſay, that the Poem met with the approbation of ſeveral perſons of taſte and judgment, and requeſted I would finiſh the tale, which broke off ſo abruptly. As I thought it would be extremely impertinent to contradict my fair correſpondent, I reſolved to make a freſh eſſay of my poetical talents; but e're I had written many

many lines, I found ſuch difficulties occur, and my time ſo occupied with other concerns, which appeared to me of more importance, that the ſtory would ſtill have been, like Hudibras's

"Adventure of the bear and fiddle,
"Begun, but broke off in the middle;"

if another lady (the ingenious and liberal-hearted Mrs. Berkeley, widow of the late learned and reverend Doctor Berkeley, prebendary of Canterbury) had not preſſed me to proceed; ſo that, at her requeſt, I have now put the finiſhing ſtroke to it, and preſumed to preſent it to the public.

As to the ſubject of the Tale, all that I have to premiſe is, that my deſign in writing it, was not only

only to amuſe, but to benefit ſociety; and I truſt, that whatever faults may attach to the compoſition, it will meet with a favourable reception from thoſe, whoſe benevolence and humanity intereſt them in the welfare and happineſs of mankind.

HENRY

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY AND ACASTO.

WHERE nature's ſcenes in wild confuſion lie,
And cloud-capt mountains ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd eye;
Where bulging rocks their lofty ſummits ſhow,
While roaring torrents from their caverns flow,
And ſwift deſcending in unceaſing foam
Glide through the dale to reach their briny home;
Where foreſts vaſt their varied ſhade combine,
Here the old oak, and there the ſpiral pine;
Where the dark yew th' abyſs profound impends,
And the tall larch her lighter umbrage lends;

Where feath'ring beech the lowly primroſe ſweep,
And mournful willows o'er the fountains weep,
While many a moſſy fragment, ſteep'd in dew,
Meets the bright ray, and gliſtens to the view:

'Mid ſcenes ſo grand a lonely vale is found,
Where ſofter beauties deck the turfy ground;
Where banks reclining ſhow their flow'ry ſide,
And peaceful cattle from the tempeſt hide.
Here good Acaſto from the world had fled,
Wean'd from its pleaſures, to its follies dead;
From error's paths he cautiouſly withdrew,
And ſtill more godlike as in years he grew:
Whilſt all his actions heav'nly wiſdom ſhow'd,
Unnumber'd graces in his boſom glow'd;

There

There Love divine, the firſt of all the train,
And Faith and Hope their fix'd abode maintain;
There Patience, Gentleneſs, and Joy ſerene,
There Peace and ſweet Humility are ſeen.
No longer now among the youths he ſhone,
No longer now the prize of glory won;
Nor rais'd as erſt by mighty deeds his fame,
When manly vigour ſtrung his nervous frame.
Full oft had Phœbus run his yearly way,
Since firſt Acaſto hail'd the light of day.
The mark of Time his furrow'd viſage ſhow'd,
And ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders flow'd.
But though grave wiſdom's characters he bore,
His open brow no rigid ſternneſs wore.
Not for himſelf this lone retreat he choſe,
His remnant hours to waſte in ſoft repoſe;

To ſink in Leiſure's ſoporific arms,

And fall a victim to her ſoothing charms.

Far nobler motives ſway'd his gen'rous breaſt,

And ſtill to act the buſy part he preſs'd.

From the vain world he led a gentle youth,

Here to direct him in the paths of truth *;

Inſtructive leſſons to his ſoul impart,

Ere ſubtle Vice had won his eaſy heart.

Faſt by a rock that from the mountain ſtood,

Whoſe craggy ſides were fring'd with bruſhy wood,

Which half conceal'd the dewy drop that fell

With ſilent trickle to the cryſtal well,

A ruſtic cottage, rais'd by artiſt mean,

In ſweet ſimplicity of ſtyle was ſeen.

* *Inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum.*

No grand pilaſters roſe in ſtately pride,
No labour'd cornice grac'd its humble ſide;
No ſculptor's hand had wrought th' unpoliſh'd ſtone,
Within its walls no gilded ceilings ſhone:
Cloſe at the threſhold fragrant woodbines grew,
And o'er its ſides luxuriant branches threw,
While twiſted ivy to the door-poſts clung,
And from the roof in gloſſy curtains hung.
Small was the line that o'er th' uneven ground,
In form unheeded, mark'd its utmoſt bound.

'Twas here Acaſto and his lovely boy
Securely liv'd in innocence and joy.

Nine times had Spring the face of nature cheer'd,
As oft had Summer's gaudy train appear'd;

Nine times Autumna ſpread her golden ſtore,
And icy fields ſtern Winter's garment wore,
Since pious Anna felt a mother's throes,
And the firſt light on Henry's head aroſe;
When Heav'n, all-wiſe, th' afflictive mandate ſpoke,
And friends ſurviving felt the fatal ſtroke;
That ſtroke which Henry of his ſire bereft,
And the ſweet child an helpleſs orphan left.
Then did Acaſto mark him for his own,
Wept o'er the ſmiling babe, and cried, "My ſon!"
An happy lot the tender infant found,
'Mid friends for worth and piety renown'd;
Friends, who might watch his early ſteps, and ſhow
Th' unbeaten path in which a child ſhould go *.

* Prov. xxii. 6.

Betimes

Betimes his liſping tongue was taught to frame
With rev'rend awe his great Creator's name;
His knees before th' eternal throne to bend,
And ſeek the bleſſings that a God could ſend.
Well did Acaſto all his tempers ſpy,
Trace ev'ry virtue, and each vice deſcry;
Deep was he ſkill'd in Learning's ſacred page,
His words were weighty, and his counſels ſage.
Young Henry liſten'd with attentive ear,
And, won by love, or aw'd by filial fear,
Felt all his leſſons, in his inmoſt ſoul,
His paſſions ſoften, and his will control.
Ne'er was the youth a drudge to books confin'd,
No tedious precepts pall'd his tender mind;
But, charm'd, th' inſtructor's pleaſing tale he caught,
And while he learnt, the more to learn he ſought.

Soon as Aurora's ſmiling face was ſeen,
And ſilver ſpangles deck'd the daiſied green;
Soon as the larks their early ſong begun,
And thouſand cobwebs floated in the ſun;
The twain would leave the humble roof, and ſtray
O'er ſhepherds' tracks their careleſs winding way,
To quaff freſh breezes of the purer air,
And the rich bounties of creation ſhare;
When many a moral wiſe Acaſto drew
From each ſurrounding object in their view.
(While the baſe ſoul with dunghill vapours ſteams,
Imbibes the filth, and ſhuns the purer ſtreams,
The virtuous mind improves from all it meets,
And Wiſdom's honey culls from Nature's ſweets.)
Thus would he mark ſome aged tree that ſtood
The priſtine monarch of the mighty wood,

Its rugged arms with foliage thinly ſpread,
And bow'd by wintry ſtorms its batter'd head:
See there, my child, the ſage inſtructor cried,
How ſhort a ſpace the firmeſt things abide!
That ſtem, by Time's relentleſs hand defac'd,
For many a year its native ſoil has grac'd:
Unnumber'd children round the father roſe,
And barren ſoil extended woodland grows;
They flouriſh now, but ſoon themſelves ſhall know
That vig'rous ſtrength muſt yield to Age's blow.
'Tis thus with Man—now health his frame ſuſtains,
While youthful ardour in his boſom reigns;
But Time attends, ſoon bows his hoary head,
And lays him proſtrate with the conquer'd dead;
A race ſucceeds, no longer ſpace is giv'n,
They fall obedient to the will of Heav'n.

Then prize not that which ſoon ſhall be decay'd,
Nor court the grandeur which muſt quickly fade.

Or ſee yon Flow'r, which feels the genial ray,
And opes its boſom to the beam of day,
Lends its rich fragrance to the paſſing gale,
Which gently wafts it through the balmy vale,
Shrinks at the evening blaſt, and, ere the night
Flies from the arrows of returning light,
In ſhrivel'd form now kiſs the humid ground,
And ſcarce its traces in the morn are found.

Such may my Henry be: he lives to-day
Young, active, healthy, vigorous, and gay;
But ere the car of yon' declining ſun
Shall from the gilded eaſt once more have run,

His

His beating pulſe may ceaſe, life's vapour fly,
And pallid Henry like that flowret lie.

Say then, my child, ſhould ſoon the ſummons come,
To call thee hence, to thine eternal home,
Couldſt thou undaunted ſtand the ſhock, nor dread
The gloomy manſions of the grave to tread?
Would no ſad preſage of a judgment hour
In awful terrors o'er thy conſcience low'r?
Well doſt thou know with what paternal care
For that dread day I charg'd thee to prepare;
Show'd thee the chart that leads to Sion's land,
Preciſely mark'd by God's unerring hand.
That way purſue by Inſpiration's ſide,
Nor let vain Fancy's meteor be thy guide:

By Fancy led, advent'rous Adam fell,

And bow'd ſubjection to the Prince of hell.

His race corrupted in his footſteps trod;

They fancied wiſdom, and they ſtray'd from God*.

" *I am the way*," th' almighty Saviour cries†;

By thee I go, the faithful ſoul replies:

'Tis thine a guilty world from ſin to ſave,

And make thy ranſom'd triumph o'er the grave:

By thee I mount the glorious realms above,

To chant the praiſes of redeeming love.

Tell me, my much-lov'd boy, are ſuch thy views,

Or what the prize thy lab'ring ſoul purſues?

Prevent Acaſto's fears, that Henry's mind

To earth's vain joys alone ſhould be confin'd.

* Rom. i. 22. 1 Cor. ch. i. ii. iii. throughout. † John, xiv. 6.

Thus

Thus truth, in many a pleaſing garb array'd,
The good inſtructor to his child convey'd:
Henry attentive heard, and whilſt he ſpoke,
Conviction warm through all his ſoul awoke.
To paſs the road Acaſto's finger trac'd,
To reach the goal in diſtant regions plac'd,
He felt a ſtrong reſolve; but yet his eye
Could not the depths that interven'd eſpy;
Nor knew he yet the dangers that await
The pilgrim knocking at the heav'nly gate:
Few were his ſteps, when ſeiz'd with halting pace,
He felt reluctant to purſue the race,
And ſtopt with ev'ry idle boy to gaze,
As Folly pointed to her beaten ways.

Acaſto patient, ſtill to teach intent,
O'er happier times with pleaſing foreſight bent,
Saw heav'n-born Virtue, deck'd with native charms,
Receive his Henry with extended arms;
Saw Vice unmaſk'd, her hideous aſpect ſhown,
Her dev'liſh wiles, her dire enchantments known,
Deſpis'd, abhorr'd, with all her helliſh train
Dragg'd to the manſions of eternal pain.
Still crafty Vice in lurking ambuſh lay
To ſeize in fatal hour th' unwary prey;
While Virtue watchful ſtood, and gently ſtrove
By ſoft perſuaſives to engage his love.
Vain the contention—the degen'rate mind,
By ſad propenſity to vice inclin'd,
Full oft the brittle cords of ſcience broke,
And ſnapp'd the feebler twigs of reaſon's yoke:

The ſeeds of inbred ſin, awhile conceal'd,
Warm'd by Temptation's ſun, began to yield
Their copious fruits, whence baneful odours ſhed,
Contagion fatal all around them ſpread.
But good Acaſto, who at Wiſdom's gate
Would oft in frame devout a ſuppliant wait *,
Implor'd th' Almighty by his pow'r to break
The barren ſoil of Henry's heart; then ſpeak
Fertility, and make *the fallow'd ground* †,
By ſhow'rs of grace, in heav'nly fruits abound.

Once as Acaſto and his Henry took
Their wonted rovings by the pebbly brook,
The ſweets collecting that of faireſt hue
In rich profuſion on its margin grew,

* Prov. viii. 34. † Jer. iv. 3. Hoſ. x. 12.

With nice diſtinction of botanic art
Minutely viewing each component part,
The fleecy tribe, by blithſome ſhepherds led,
Around them fearleſs on the verdure fed:
The ſportive lambkin, from its mother ſtray'd,
Its fellows found, and thouſand gambols play'd:
The bleating dam, oppreſs'd with tend'reſt care,
Her darling call'd to Nature's richeſt fare;
The ſuckling heard, and friſk'd with bounding haſte
The ſolace warm on bended knee to taſte.

The pleaſing ſcene the youth's attention drew,
And ſtrong amazement on his features grew;
Unmov'd he ſtood, in deep reflection loſt,
With anxious thought his lab'ring boſom toſt.

Graſp'd

Graſp'd in his hand the flow'rs no more are ſeen,
But drop neglected on their native green.
Some ſighs eſcap'd; at length he ſilence broke,
And thus inquiring to Acaſto ſpoke:

Whence does it come, my kind protector, own,
Maternal care was ne'er to Henry known?
Each lambkin vies with fond delight to prove
The ſoft endearments of a mother's love:
Thoughtleſs they feed beneath her watchful eye,
Nor fear they danger e'en when danger's nigh.
So the ſweet thruſh, that ſits on yonder ſpray,
And charms my ears with her melodious lay,
Oft have I ſeen her downy neſtlings brood,
And wing her way to ſeek their diſtant food;

But quick returning with far nobler ſtore
Than richeſt ſhip which ſails from India's ſhore,
An inſect, worm, or fly, the trophy ſpoil
Of all her warlike feats and buſy toil,
With beaks all ope' her half-fledg'd young ones ſoon
Receive with chirps of joy the captive boon.

So too the boys, who from the village come,
And oft in parties through our valley roam,
Will ſpeak with tranſport of a mother's care,
And haſten back her tend'reſt love to ſhare.
Ah! why am I of ſuch delights bereft?
To ſooth my childhood why no mother left?
Could I in infancy neglected live,
Or would not Heav'n the needful bleſſing give?

Say,

Say, gen'rous ſire, for thou canſt well explain
Such myſt'ries great; nor wilt the taſk diſdain.

Mov'd was Acaſto's ſoul; in deepeſt thought
Aghaſt he ſtood; for painful mem'ry brought
Paſt ſorrows back, and forc'd the tear to ſtart,
That ſpoke the feelings of a wounded heart;
Yet ſoon his force reſum'd, he ſilence broke,
And thus to eager-looking Henry ſpoke:

Know, my dear child, ſince thou canſt wiſely glean
Inſtruction ſweet from yon' expreſſive ſcene,
Know Heav'n's myſterious ways, and patient wait
Whilſt I from times remote my tale relate.

Bleſt was the ſeaſon of my youthful years,
By cares unclouded, unappal'd by fears:
My quiet breaſt no piercing ſorrows tore,
No keen affliction ſway deſpotic bore.
All was ſerene. Theſe hands by buſy toil
The fruits collected of my fertile ſoil;
And though no bags o'erflow'd with golden ore,
Yet was my table grac'd with plenteous ſtore.
Kind Heav'n was pleas'd a partner fair to ſend,
A dear companion, and a faithful friend;
In her all virtues met, and though in vain
We ſeek perfection in this world to gain,
In her no ſpot appear'd, but richly giv'n
Was ev'ry grace, and "*in her eye was heav'n.*"
One lovely babe engag'd our anxious care,
Whoſe weal we daily ſought in ſocial pray'r:

Beneath

Beneath a mother's watchful eye ſhe grew,
And ſhining virtues from her precepts drew.
As time roll'd on, we ſaw fair Anna riſe
In matchleſs worth to crown our earthly joys.
Such was our lot, 'mid ſweets domeſtic fix'd,
Nor ſeem'd with human woes our portion mix'd.
No change I fought; when, ah! my chaſt'ning God
To me directed his afflicting rod.
My dear Selina—(ſcarce that name I ſpeak,
But tears afreſh bedew my aged cheek)—
My dear Selina droop'd beneath the pow'r
Of pale diſeaſe; to her in welcom'd hour
Death aim'd his blow, and gave the kind releaſe
From ſin and pain, and brought eternal peace.
Ne'er ſhall my ſoul forget her look ſerene,
My nobleſt ſolace in that awful ſcene;

When with a ſmile ſhe bid the world adieu,
Clos'd her fix'd eyes, and to her Saviour flew.
Her fate I mourn not, but I mourn her loſs;
The firſt my comfort, and the laſt my croſs.

Much did my Anna feel, and vainly tried
With ſtudied care her ſtruggling grief to hide:
Loud ſpoke the heaving ſob, and ſtifled ſigh;
The tear, that trembled in her cryſtal'd eye,
Trac'd its lone ſource from quick ſenſation's bed,
And wid'ning roſe, by ſprings of ſorrow fed,
Burſt its fair banks by one o'erflowing ſwell,
Swept her ſweet cheek, and on her boſom fell,
Till, drown'd in floods, around my neck ſhe flung
Her ſnowy arms, and on Acaſto hung.

I can

I can no more—At length, by time appeas'd,
Tempeſtuous grief within our boſoms ceas'd;
Whilſt peace and heav'nly reſignation roſe
In ſweet ſucceſſion to our keener woes:
And faith, ſubmiſſive to Jehovah's will,
Bid ev'ry murm'ring thought and word be ſtill.

Anna her blooming prime had ſcarce attain'd,
When thus on me the weighty charge remain'd.
Mov'd by the love which tender parents feel,
A thouſand fears my tranquil hours would ſteal;
Fears, leſt my child in Sin's dark maze ſhould ſtray,
Tread Pleaſure's path, and miſs *the narrow way* *.

* Mat. vii. 13, 14.

Ere

Ere long I ſaw a num'rous crowd attend;
At Anna's feet ſubmiſſive ſuitors bend.
The titled peer, for ſplendour only fam'd,
In vain the ardour of his love proclaim'd:
The fop, of nought but empty ſound poſſeſt,
Declar'd with fruitleſs prate his aching breaſt;
Of beauteous Venus talk'd, of Cupid's darts,
Of ſleepleſs, love-ſick nights, and wounded hearts.
At length th' admiring throng Horatio join'd,
Of perſon pleaſing, and of parts refin'd.
From early youth inur'd to war's campaigns,
He boldly ventur'd on the martial plains;
Charg'd the dread foe, and wide the conqueſt ſpread,
As troops diſmay'd his dauntleſs valour fled:
Humanely brave, while numbers round him fell,
His tender boſom would with pity ſwell;

The

The trembling captive own'd his gen'rous care
To eaſe his burdens, and his ſorrows ſhare.
Such was the youth who could ſucceſsful prove,
And from fair Anna meet returns of love.
Their kindred ſouls in ſweeteſt concord ſtrung,
On ev'ry theme harmonic numbers rung:
The moiſten'd eye would grief congenial ſhow,
As oft they liſten'd to the tale of woe:
From either's hand the lib'ral bounty ſpread,
Chas'd deep diſtreſs, and famiſh'd orphans fed:
All virtue's paths with wary ſteps they trod,
Gave men the profit, and the praiſe to God;
And whilſt they kept the heav'nly prize in view,
They prov'd by works of faith that faith was true *.

* Jam. ii. 18.

Whene'er

Whene'er remembrance of Selina's love
The finer paſſions of my ſoul would move,
Horatio, kind, the heavy hours would cheer,
And ſtop by converſe ſweet the falling tear.
Ere long I hail'd him ſon:—Indulgent Heav'n
Sure greater bliſs had ne'er to parent giv'n
Than when I ſaw the brave Horatio's hand
With Anna's join'd in ſacred wedlock's band.

As rapid Time his ceaſeleſs journey went,
In ſweets domeſtic were our moments ſpent;
Care with his comrades from our dwelling fled,
And thence his train to ſcenes of diſcord led;
Whilſt Peace, Tranquillity, and ſocial Love,
To raiſe our joys in kind contention ſtrove.

Still

Still Heav'n freſh bounties gave; th' exulting pair
Expected ſoon the parent's charge to ſhare;
With eager arms their love's ſweet pledge embrace,
And each their likeneſs in the infant trace.

Thus were we bleſt; when noiſy Rumour, fraught
With packets huge, the tale of horror brought,
Of leagues and ſchemes in foreign counſels plann'd,
Of pow'rful fleets by ſturdy ſailors mann'd;
Of troops embark'd the glitt'ring ſword to wield,
And try their valour in the glorious field:
Drums beat to arms; our youth, inflam'd with zeal,
Flock'd to the ſtandard for their country's weal.

Soon on our coaſts, by vet'ran heroes led,
In ranks arrang'd, a num'rous army ſpread,

With

With force oppos'd to meet the hardy foe,
And feats of proweſs in the battle ſhow,
There honour call'd my ſon: ſuch ſad adieu
Ne'er love before ſuſtain'd, or ſorrow knew.

In hideous forms now ſleepleſs Fancy walk'd,
And ghaſtly phantoms o'er the moon-beams ſtalk'd;
Dear Anna's ſwollen eye and pallid cheek
The inward language of her ſoul would ſpeak;
Her waking thoughts on bloody ſlaughter run,
Her ſtarting dreams proclaim'd the fight begun.
Struck by the blow of ſome barbarian hand,
She paints Horatio breathleſs on the ſtrand;
Believes his bleeding corpſe amid the hoſt
With trampled bodies in confuſion loſt.

Her

Her fears too juſt; for though Horatio long
Scar'd with victorious arm th' embattled throng,
Through thickeſt ranks by wiſe manœuvres broke,
Nor crav'd a reſpite from the frequent ſtroke,
Too far by valour urg'd, on ev'ry ſide
The preſſing foe at laſt his might defied.
Retreat was vain; deform'd by many a wound,
His mangled body 'mid the ſlain was found.
Myſterious fate! ſcarce was his ſpirit gone,
Than ſhouting hoſts proclaim the battle won.
Each happy ſoldier, too, enrich'd with ſpoil,
The ample payment of his martial toil,
Now homeward plods with eager pace his way,
And through each village cries, "*We've gain'd the day!*"
Then might you ſee at ev'ry threſhold wait
The maiden anxious for her lover's fate;

The mother her returning ſon behold,
And ſhrink with horror as his tale he told;
The tender wife, " in tears of tranſport drown'd,"
Her partner meet, and " weep o'er ev'ry wound."
And ſo my child; for when the orient ray
Illum'd th' horizon, and proclaim'd the day,
On ev'ry path ſhe ſtretch'd her longing eye,
If haply there ſhe might Horatio ſpy.
If on the way a human form appear'd,
Bright hope awhile her throbbing boſom cheer'd,
Till nearer ſeen a ſtranger only came,
And double anguiſh ſhook her tender frame.
At length a ruſtic, in whoſe ſteely breaſt
The ſofter paſſions ne'er were known to reſt,
Her ear demanded, and at once declar'd
The dreadful fate her lov'd Horatio ſhar'd.

" *I ſaw him fall,*" he cried, and more had ſpoke,
Could more have Anna heard: the ſudden ſtroke
With thunder's pow'r was arm'd; her lips no more
Their former tint of bright vermilion wore;
Clos'd were her eyes, her pulſe with languor beat,
And clammy cold ſuppreſs'd the vital heat.
Proſtrate ſhe lay, and ev'ry effort vain,
Till nature quicken'd with a ſharper pain.
Grim Death, who lately with uplifted hand
Prepar'd his blow, now check'd by Heav'n's command,
Awhile retir'd, nor durſt his victim claim
Till from her womb Horatio's image came.
(In thee, my Henry, now that form I trace,
And in the child I view the father's face.)
But Anna, long by anxious cares oppreſt,
By grief exhauſted, and bereav'd of reſt,

Three nights in pangs of Nature's ſorrow lay,
Ere on her infant dawn'd the light of day:
Then frenzy ſeiz'd her brain—"There! there!" ſhe cried,
"I ſee my love with ſtains of purple dy'd;
"I ſee, I ſee the ſword that did the deed;
"I hear his dying groans, I ſee him bleed.
"Heav'ns, what a ſight!—Let vengeance act her part,
"And arm theſe hands to tear the murd'rer's heart.—
"But ſoft he opes his eyes, he is not dead—
"He ſmiles—he ſtrives to ſpeak—he lifts his head—
"Hark! hark! his well-known voice my ear aſſails—
"He calls—but ah! ſome potent charm prevails—
"Horatio's fled—his wretched Anna left"——
She ſcream'd—and ſunk again of ſenſe bereſt.
Life's quiv'ring light once more its force reſum'd,
And with a tranſient blaze her breaſt illum'd;

Reaſon

Reaſon her ſeat regain'd, while, thus expreſt,
She gave with fault'ring voice her laſt requeſt:

" Thanks be to God, my ſorrow's nearly done,
" *The faith is finiſh'd, and the battle won* *.
" Soon ſhall I reach the heav'nly Canaan's ſhore,
" My lov'd Horatio meet, and part no more.—
" Father, protect my babe; with guardian care
" His early ſteps direct, his heart prepare
" To ſeek thy face; that, when life's thread ſhall ceaſe,
" Good Simeon like, he may depart in peace †.
" I aſk no more——My Saviour now," ſhe cried,
" Receive my ſoul!"——then ſweetly ſmil'd, and died.

* 2 Tim. iv. 7. † Luke, ii. 29.

Such was thy parent's fate; 'twas God's decree
Maternal care ſhould ne'er be ſhown to thee.
Horatio's part I bear; t'inſtruct be mine
With love of truth thy heart—to learn be thine.

Acaſto ceas'd—ſuſceptive Henry ſtood
In fix'd amazement, whilſt a briny flood
His viſage bath'd, and well his mind expreſs'd,
Though paſſions ſtrong the pow'rs of ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.
But ere Acaſto clos'd the plaintive tale,
A ſolemn gloom beſpread the fertile vale;
Blithe Day with all her buſy train was fled;
And Phœbus haſten'd to his weſtern bed.
Night o'er the land her ſable curtain drew,
And duſky tints on all creation threw.

The

The meadows, late in brighteſt hue array'd,
Loſt all their gladneſs in the gen'ral ſhade;
And, as with ſympathetic feelings wrung,
A teary drop on ev'ry bloſſom hung,
The pallid liſt'ning Moon, with quiv'ring light,
But half unveils her waning watry ſight;
Salutes with ſilver'd ray the mournful wood,
And meets her image on the trembling flood;
Hears the ſad tale, and, ſtruck with ſorrow deep,
Behind ſome friendly cloud retires to weep.

END OF PART I.



P. J. de Loutherbourg del.t — Sanders sculp.t

.....When to! to sooth his fears,
The whisper'd accents of the youth he hears:
"T'is just, my Sire, oh.! send, with mine, thy cry
"For heav'n born mercy ere the Sinner die.

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PART THE SECOND.

HENRY AND ACASTO.

NOW mute Acaſto and his Henry ſtood,
As fix'd by fatal ſpell; when from a wood
Spread widely o'er the mountain's ſide, her lay,
That tun'd the mournful ſong of parting day,
Sweet Philomel began; Acaſto heard
The loud clear warble of his fav'rite bird.
Awhile he thought her in the woodbine bower,
Where holding converſe bland, the ev'ning hour
Stole from the earth Apollo's ſcatter'd light,
And crept unheeded to the bed of night.

The

The chantreſs ceas'd; Remembrance forc'd a ſigh;
Faith ſtopt a groan, and rais'd his wat'ry eye
To calm by pray'r his troubled ſoul; amaz'd
O'er the beſpangled arch of heav'n he gaz'd;
Then, ſeizing Henry's hand, on dewy road
With cautious ſtep he ſought his lov'd abode;
Reſign'd he ſunk to reſt, his ſorrrows fled,
And guardian angels watch'd his hoary head.

Young Henry long from good Acaſto's ſtore
Drew rich ſupplies of philoſophic lore;
And long he thought the ſage's maxims true,
As more he heard, and more inform'd he grew.
But Time ſevere, impatient of delay,
Puſh'd hour on hour, bid day ſucceed to day,

And chang'd the child to man; then Reaſon, maim'd
By Sin's rude hand, with high preſumption claim'd
Unſhackled rule, and on advent'rous plan,
The huge, the complicated ſcheme began.
The coſtly truths that wiſe Acaſto taught,
By many a ſum of rich experience bought,
The upſtart reas'ner ſcorn'd, and Fancy's ware,
Each fool alluring by its tinſel glare,
Full greedily he ſeiz'd: incautious boy,
To take for ſterling gold a glitt'ring toy!

Not far remote a ſpacious city ſtood,
The nurſe of vice, and foe to ev'ry good.
There Riot led her noiſy ſons along,
To fill the glaſs, and roar the midnight ſong.

Fearleſs

Fearleſs of law, they drove ſweet Peace away,
And bid foul Diſcord hold her bloody ſway.
The tongue, deep tinctur'd with infernal fire,
Proclaim'd in blaſphemy their inward ire,
And rag'd the flame with ſtill increaſing force,
As wide it ſpread through Nature's ample courſe *.
There youths untutor'd oft with ſmiling air,
And words of flatt'ry baſe, addreſs'd the Fair;
To many a maid the love-ſick tale they told,
Now proffer'd conſtancy, now proffer'd gold,
Till, gilt by pleaſure and by ſordid gain,
They took the pills of infamy and pain.
There ſat exalted on her ſplendid throne,
Great Commerce, holding all the world her own:

* James, iii. 5, 6.

At her command the ſlaves of Av'rice bore,
From many a clime and many a diſtant ſhore,
Whate'er might cheriſh pride, the palate pleaſe,
And man unnerve upon the bed of eaſe.
Here liv'd a youth, of Taſte the darling child,
By ſcience poliſh'd, but in fancy wild:
He lov'd the ſcenes where Nature, rudely grand,
Scoop'd the deep vale, and bid the high rock ſtand
Mix'd with the browſing flock on trackleſs ſteep,
Now gazing high, now bending o'er the deep;
From buſh to buſh, from crag to crag he clung,
Then ſtopt and mus'd, and then in rapture ſung,
While liſt'ning to the headlong torrent's roar,
As erſt the bards renown'd on Cambria's ſhore:
Wild as Salvator, and as Claude ſerene,
He touch'd the beauties of the varied ſcene;

The canvaſs felt the daring artiſt's hand,
And rocks, hills, woods, acknowledg'd his command.
As when the ſorc'rer, with terrific ſpell,
Calls up his ſpectres from the caves of hell,
Their airy forms attract the gazer's eye;
But, as he ſeizes, from his graſp they fly:
So the bold features of the landſcape grew,
And living objects thicken'd into view;
Yet felt, exiſt but in the painter's ſkill,
Who bids them riſe like ſpirits at his will.

Full oft Evander loiter'd near the ſpot
Grac'd by Acaſto's neatly ſimple cot;
Full oft he hail'd the ſage, full oft he ſhar'd,
As hunger preſs'd him, what his hoſt prepar'd:

Not

Not the rich food that pamper'd gluttons chooſe,
Who the beſt gifts of Providence abuſe;
Who gorge and gaſp till Nature ſinks oppreſt,
And the groſs carcaſe tumbles into reſt:
But while fair Health retain'd her wonted ſeat,
The cottage party took their homely treat;
While Temp'rance rul'd, the ſparkling glaſs was rais'd,
And grateful tongues the bounteous donor prais'd.

Sprung was Evander from a noble race,
Who long were honour'd with diſtinguiſh'd place
Around the throne of kings: poſſeſſions wide,
Pomp and parade abundantly ſupplied:
They ſpurn'd the vulgar herd, and idly thought
That joy and bliſs by wealth alone were bought.

The high-bred youth with early paſſion fir'd,
Too ſoon the pride of anceſtry acquir'd;
Too ſoon he held the petty tyrant's ſway,
And thought mankind was deſtin'd to obey.
Yet to falſe tutors many a vice he ow'd,
For latent virtue in his boſom glow'd *.
A friend he lack'd his ſtubborn will to tame,
And fan with kindly breath the feeble flame.
Acaſto's voice oft caught his liſt'ning ear,
Touch'd his half-yielding heart, and forc'd a tear.
'Twas ſtrange to him that cottagers ſhould hold
A bliſs unpurchas'd by the price of gold:
He ſigh'd to think that Time, with iron rule,
Would make the wiſe man periſh as the fool †.

* *Video meliora proboque, deteriora ſequor.* † Eccleſ. ii. 16.

Charm'd

Charm'd by the wit, the eloquence, and eaſe,
By which Evander rarely fail'd to pleaſe,
Young Henry made his prudent ſire attend,
Oft as he ſpoke his worth, or hail'd him friend;
And felt indignant, if a word return'd
Damp'd the ſtrong flame that in his boſom burn'd.
Keen were Acaſto's feelings, as he view'd
A giddy ſtranger on his charge intrude.
The world he knew, and, with diſcerning eye,
The deep receſſes of the heart could ſpy;
Saw the baſe metal through the outward glare,
And warn'd his child to ſhun the hidden ſnare.
He warn'd in vain: for as the meteor's gleam
Pours forth its bright and momentary ſtream;
So Wiſdom's glance ſhot through his Henry's mind,
But left no traces of its light behind.

The good old man, to Providence attent,
Mark'd how its wheels in wheels revolving went *;
Refrain'd from murmurs, if his will were croſs'd,
For hope ſuſpended is not labour loſt;
'Tis the hard trial ſterling faith muſt bear;
'Tis the incitement to inceſſant pray'r,
Which ſtorms the fortreſs, and which gains the field,
And makes by pow'r divine e'en Satan yield.

Now the young friends, by taſte or fancy led,
O'er hill and dale with active footſteps ſped;
And as they loiter'd on the flow'ry way,
Charm'd with fair Nature's elegant diſplay;
Or through the windings of the thicket ſtray'd,
Where mingled branches form'd a grateful ſhade,

* Ezek. i. 16.

Evander

Evander thus: "Hail, ye delightful groves,
Where chant the feather'd tribe their artleſs loves.
Hail, moſſy caverns, and ye trickling rills,
Ye lakes pellucid, and ye verdant hills.
While yon bright orb from Taurus' foot aſcends,
And back his courſe to humid Scorpio bends,
I ſnuff the temp'rate breeze, and gladly roam
A rural exile from my ſplendid home.
I hear the bleatings of the harmleſs flock;
I ken the goat that fearleſs ſcales the rock;
I watch the gambols of the gen'rous ſteed,
As uncontrol'd he ſcampers o'er the mead;
I hear the buſy buzzing inſects whirl;
I ſee the dangling caterpillar twirl;
Watch how the ſnail in ſlow proceſſion creeps,
And how the woodlouſe or the beetle ſleeps;

Mark how the bee to num'rous flowrets wings,
And ſweeteſt treaſures to her ſtorehouſe brings.
But when the gay embelliſhment is loſt,
And verdure ſhrinks beneath the touch of froſt;
When the thick miſt th' unwary trav'ler chills,
Brings rheum and fever, with its train of ills;
Or when rude Boreas ſends his nipping blaſt,
And mourning ſkies aſſume a ſable caſt;
Of gloom abhorrent, to the town I'll fly,
And ſcenes of mirth with ſportive friends enjoy.
Sweet Pleaſure, deck'd in all her gaudy charms,
Again ſhall bid me welcome to her arms.
And thou, my Henry, thither ſhalt repair,
To win, by manners mild, the gentle Fair:
Thy form, replete with elegance and grace,
Will ſoon each image but thy own efface.

Wit,

Wit, judgment, talents, arguments, like thine,
Shall 'mid the wiſe with luſtrous ſplendour ſhine."
" I'll go," ſaid Henry; " yes, I'll go with thee,
My dear Evander, to partake thy glee;
But will my ſage preceptor, gen'rous friend,
My ſecond father, to the project bend?
Say, will he not my eager wiſh reſtrain,
And force me here ſequeſter'd to remain?"
" No, Henry, no," Evander quick return'd;
" Youth's ardour once in thy preceptor burn'd:
He knows its ſtrong propenſities; he knows
How oft with Paſſion's fire the boſom glows:
Truſt his indulgence then, my friend, nor fear
The harſh injunction, nor the look ſevere."

Such was the language urg'd, with ſpecious art,
To win his confidence and gain his heart.
Young Henry, ſmiling, heard the ſyren ſong,
As Pride or Folly pour'd the notes along.

Stern Winter came; the gay Evander, tir'd,
Left the dull ſcene, and flew to be admir'd.
Too much addicted to the flatt'rer's tale,
He could by faſcinating arts prevail;
Wind, like a ſerpent, to the female heart,
And there the venom of his ſoul impart.
Whene'er this ſubtle child of Taſte was nam'd,
Each tongue his wit, his eloquence, proclaim'd:
Yet could the penetrating eye of ſenſe
See through the flimſy mantle of pretence;

And all, who cheriſh'd ſterling virtue, griev'd,
Whene'er they ſaw the lying tongue believ'd.

Now hop'd Acaſto that his ſage advice
Would fix on things of worth his Henry's choice;
He gave his precepts in amuſive guiſe,
Held Heav'n in view, and bid him take the prize.

As when Rebecca's ſon *, in ſpirit faint,
Pour'd from his lips the language of complaint,
And, for a ſcanty meſs of pottage, ſold
A right ſurpaſſing all that mortals hold;
So, for a bauble, fooliſh Henry ſpurn'd
The high-pric'd pearl his father wiſely earn'd.

* Gen. xxv. 29.

'Twas on a cold and melancholy day,
When low'ring clouds obſcur'd the lucid ray,
And ſlow diſſolving in a drizzly dew,
A duſky veſtment on the hill-tops threw,
That Henry, weary of retirement grown,
Sigh'd to poſſeſs a happineſs unknown,
And, fondly leaning on the parent's breaſt,
Watch'd the kind look of love, then warmly preſt
Acaſto's approbation; but the ſage,
Taught by experience, and matur'd by age,
Paus'd ere he ſpoke; for, ruminating deep,
He well remember'd how, with headlong leap,
His blithe aſſociates in the day of youth,
Foes to the ſoft perſuaſive voice of Truth,
Plung'd in a vaſt unfathomable main;
(Mirth ſmooth'd the ſurface, but below was pain;)

Urg'd

Urg'd by Deception's voice, forſook the ſhore,
And moſt who ventur'd, plung'd to riſe no more.
Yet ſtill abhorrent of the harſh command,
He caught, with look benign, his Henry's hand,
Invok'd by ſilent pray'r the Pow'r above,
And iſſu'd thus the ſentiment of love:

* " In that ſoft clime, beneath whoſe azure ſky
The Roman eagle rais'd his pinions high,
And bearing conqueſt, as he onward fled,
A dire amazement o'er the nations ſpread,
Not diſtant far from Terni's ancient walls,
A daſhing torrent down the mountain falls,

* The ſtory related in the following lines is founded upon fact. The circumſtances were told my brother when he was in Italy, and viewing the romantic ſcenes here deſcribed, ſome years ago.

And throws its vapour 'mid the piercing rays,
While Iris, pleas'd, her ſevenfold charms diſplays.
Stunn'd by the roar, and thick involv'd in foam,
The trav'ler thinks not of his diſtant home,
But fix'd in wonder ſtands. Above, more ſlow,
The ſilv'ry waters in their channel flow.
Here flow'ry banks in ſmooth meanders ſweep,
There gently murm'ring by the woodlands creep;
Through the ſpare ſhadow of the olives ſhine,
Or kiſs the cluſter of the pendent vine.
Near this fair ſtream a ſacred fabric ſtands,
Endow'd by pious vow with fertile lands:
A cloiſter'd race, devoid of ev'ry care,
Here give their time to ſolitude and pray'r:
Leſt the vain world ſhould bear their minds away,
Around are heap'd mementos of decay.

The croſs, exalted o'er the altar, ſhows
The Saviour ſinking 'neath a load of woes:
The eyeleſs ſkull, defac'd with horrid grin,
Marks death the wages of the firſt man's ſin:
The holy relic ſpeaks the martyr ſlain,
For Glory's crown, a victor over Pain:
The canvaſs notes the brave Sebaſtian bound,
As Pagan darts inflict the deadly wound:
And as St. Lawrence on the embers broils,
He ſeems exulting o'er his finiſh'd toils.
Grant, Superſtition has dominion here;
Grant, man enjoins a diſcipline ſevere;
Grant, the bright ray the ſinner's Friend imparts
To guide our feet and animate our hearts,
Shines faintly through the cloud; yet ſtill allow
The holy purpoſe, and the ſolemn vow,

That

That make the ſoul ſubmiſſive yield to God,
Adore his mercies, and receive his rod,
From Heav'n inſpir'd, though gloomy be the way,
May lead the creature to eternal day.

" It hap'd that once (devotion's office done),
While light yet linger'd from the ſetting ſun,
And when the flocks that from the heat retir'd,
Pour'd o'er the hills, and cooler gales reſpir'd,
A party, bound by Friendſhip's cord, repair
To quit their cells, and quaff the fragrant air:
Through myrtle groves, on aromatic ground,
Where num'rous ſweets diffus'd their odour round,
They reach'd the margin of the ſtream, and ſtood,
Pleas'd to behold their image in the flood.

A little

A little bark, adorn'd with ſail and oar,
Moor'd for their paſtime by the flow'ry ſhore,
They launch'd; and, bending o'er the cryſtal deep,
Felt the ſoft zephyr on its ſurface creep.
Heedleſs of compaſs, or of nautic ſkill,
The gentle current bore them at its will;
Now through a ſcene of verdant objects drove;
Now made them loiter in the rocky cove:
Meanwhile, as children, juſt eſcap'd from ſchool,
No longer ſhackled by a maſter's rule,
Each, undiſguis'd, was ready to impart,
In free debate, the feelings of his heart.
Thus gaily paſs'd the time, when, lo! more ſtrong
The current gather'd, as they mov'd along,
And ſtill its ſtrength increas'd; ſurpris'd they threw
A wiſtful aſpect on the fading view,

Strain'd

Strain'd ev'ry nerve the margin to regain;
But tears, and cries, and efforts all were vain.
Down the ſteep rock the bark was quickly whirl'd,
The hapleſs party to deſtruction hurl'd;
Limbs torn and mangled, floating down the vale,
Proclaim'd to weeping friends, the mournful tale."
Thus ſpake the ſire, then added—" Henry, think,
While yet thou ſtandeſt on ſmooth Pleaſure's brink,
Though fair the ſcene, though ſeeming joys await,
Oh think, my darling, of thy future fate;
Nor ſpurn the counſel that would urge thy flight
From objects tempting with a falſe delight."

Acaſto ceas'd; but Henry's breaſt was ſteel'd
'Gainſt all that love or eloquence reveal'd.

Yet

Yet ſteel'd by choice; the moral's poliſh'd dart
Struck, and rebounded from his harden'd heart.

No more reſtrain'd, th' impatient pupil ſought
To drown in mirth th' impertinence of thought.
And now Evander's gueſt, around he gaz'd,
As Pomp allur'd him, and his paſſions rais'd.
Religion once his ſteady purpoſe claim'd,
While zeal and love his ev'ry act inflam'd:
But, ah, degen'rate youth! his heart beat ſtrong
To ſtand the foremoſt in the giddy throng.
'Twas not to hear the wiſe man's voice he ſought;
Not to inſtil the leſſons he was taught:
No; 'twas the prize of excellence to bear,
To pour his wit among the ſmiling Fair;

To make each ear his eloquence attend,
And catch the manners of his poliſh'd friend.
Yet while he held his ſeat among the gay,
Still Temp'rance rul'd him with a gentle ſway:
To keep him mindful of her kind command,
The graceful goddeſs wav'd her magic wand;
Bid roſy Health, the fav'rite of her court,
And nervous Vigour round his temples ſport;
Made gloomy Care her meddling proceſs ceaſe,
And ſung the lullaby that ſooth'd to peace.
Short was the bliſsful ſcene; foe to repoſe,
From Hell's abyſs the monſter Envy roſe:
Born of the ſerpent's brood, with malice fill'd,
A murd'rous venom from his tooth diſtil'd:
He ſeiz'd his victim, as he careleſs ſlept,
Then coil'd his vip'rous form, and homeward crept.

'Twas

'Twas on a day for feſtive joys deſign'd,
When high-born youths, to future ſorrows blind,
Evander's table grac'd; there, uncontrol'd,
Each, boaſting high, his lawleſs frolics told,
And won the praiſe of fools*; around they quaft,
Though thirſt provok'd them not, the copious draught.
Not ſo Horatio's ſon; with cautious ſip
He held the tempting goblet to his lip;
For yet in Henry's yielding conſcience ſtir'd
The ſtrong vibrations of Acaſto's word,
And kept the ſinner back; then loud exclaim'd
Burgundus, long for ſcenes of riot fam'd,
" What ails our friend? why does he thus forbear
To toaſt the circle of the charming Fair?

* Proverbs, xiv. 9.

We drink Caſſandra, whoſe expreſſive eye
Has touch'd thee, Henry, and has forc'd a ſigh:
Drink to the nymph in whom all charms combine;
Act but the man, and ſoon ſhe may be thine.
Caſſandra poliſh'd, ſocial, eaſy, free,
Abhors dull Care, and loves the repartee:
Drink, and be gay."—" Acaſto!" Henry cried,
" Acaſto!" quick the mirthful crew replied,
" He reads no lectures here; the dotard's dream
Would ill the ſons of merriment beſeem.
There are, who erſt thy grave preceptor knew,
E're the gray lock upon his forehead grew,
Who ſaw him oft with haſty ſtep reſort,
To lead the dance in Pleaſure's wanton court;
Who heard him once the comic tale relate,
And ſtrive for conqueſt in the warm debate:

Wiſe

Wiſe to arreſt the moments in their flight,
Youth was to him a ſeaſon of delight.
Thou know'ſt him happy; then his footſteps trace,
And think not mirth can mark thee with diſgrace:
Drink, and be gay—Caſſandra is the toaſt."
" Caſſandra!" echoed Henry; " yes, I'll boaſt
The mighty feats of love; th' attack begun;
The rivals vanquiſh'd, and the battle won."

Now did the man, whoſe energetic mind
Roſe o'er the vulgar level of his kind,
Like the foul beaſt that wallows in the mire,
Yield to the cravings of a groſs deſire,
And ſink, debas'd, amid the noiſy din
Of fools who dar'd to make a mock of ſin *.

* Prov. xiv. 9.

'Twas Midnight's ſolemn hour e're ev'ry gueſt
Forſook his bottle and retir'd to reſt;
Pray'rleſs as brutes, whoſe only labour tends
To ſeize the bliſs that with exiſtence ends.
E're ſleep had chas'd the vinous fumes away,
Aurora, ſmiling, uſher'd in the day;
Creation gladden'd, and unnumber'd hearts,
Touch'd with the gifts that bounteous Heav'n imparts,
With ſacred Love's expanſive fervours glow'd,
While the full tide of grateful praiſes flow'd.

Soon as young Henry woke, ſenſations ſtrange
Thrill'd through each limb, and mark'd a direful change:
Amaz'd, confus'd, he oft to riſe eſſay'd;
Then down his ſhiv'ring frame as oft he laid:

Rent

Rent was his head with agonies of pain;
Quick ruſh'd his heated blood through ev'ry vein;
Parch'd was his tongue; his cheek of ſcarlet die;
Oppreſs'd his panting breath, his pulſe beat high:
Yet deeper anguiſh rack'd him, as he threw
On healthful days a retroſpective view;
Thought how he urg'd his courſer in the chaſe,
Or how he vied for conqueſt in the race,
Or how he bent with nervous arm the bow,
Or learnt afar the maſſy quoit to throw.
'Twas not compunction for the grievous ſin,
But baſer paſſion that had place within:
Chagrin'd, he ſaw his guilty partners ſtill
Strong to purſue the follies of their will;
Strong the wild rites of Bacchus to renew,
And ſeize the prieſthood of the frantic crew.

Burgundus, whom no tender paſſion mov'd,
By few regarded, and by none belov'd,
Stood like ſome maſſy weather-beaten rock,
That meets, but ſtirs not at the tempeſt's ſhock,
And aſk'd if gay Caſſandra could enjoy
The cold embraces of a puny boy.
Evander pitied, but 'twas pity cold
As Iceland's wintry gales, that ne'er unfold
Th' invigorating principle which gives
Heat, motion, health, to ev'ry thing that lives.

Thrice had the wretch's friend, calm Sleep, aſſum'd
O'er aching hearts, to daily ſorrows doom'd,
A ſoft aſcendency; and thrice he fled,
By raging Fever chas'd, from Henry's bed.

Now

Now the grave doctor, noted for his ſkill,
Heap'd doſe on doſe, and added pill to pill:
With meaſur'd nod, and finger gently preſt,
He felt the rapid movement of his breaſt,
And griev'd to ſee th' impatient monſter Death,
Prepar'd to ſeize young Henry's parting breath,
And pleas'd, with ſavage grin, to bear away
So choice a morſel of his wanton prey.

Stern Winter's blaſts were o'er; the God of day
Now pour'd on northern climes a milder ray,
Pierc'd the brown earth, and bade a verdant hue
Diſplay unnumber'd beauties to the view;
Peep'd the fair Primroſe from her cloſe retreat,
And ſat expanded on her downy ſeat;

The Crowfoot, clad in vegetable gold,
Prepar'd her gloſſy boſom to unfold;
The Vi'let ſhed her odours on the gale,
And ſweet to ſweet gave Lilly of the Vale.

Acaſto welcom'd the returning ſpring,
And roſe to hear the cheerful ſky-lark ſing
Morn after morn; though yet the eaſtern blaſt
A thick white mantle o'er the herbage caſt,
Till, bright as gems, that rich Braſilia yields,
It drank the light, and glitter'd o'er the fields.
Oft the fond ſire with teeming eye had ſeen
His darling Henry trip along the green,
Alert in roſy health; for youthful fire
Ne'er could induce him to forget his ſire,

Nor loſe the rev'rence that a child ſhould pay
To him who governs with parental ſway.
On that ſad day when Henry wak'd to pain,
Acaſto hop'd his pupil to regain,
Yet unſeduc'd by ſin; long'd to repeat
In ſoothing words the philoſophic treat,
And prove that thoſe who ranſack Wiſdom's ſtore
Are bleſt, and ſeek for vanity no more.

Far on a mountain at the valley's head,
A beaten footway to the city led;
To this Acaſto ſtretch'd his longing eyes.
As mortals, leſſen'd to a pigmy ſize,
Succeſſively appear'd; delight, and dread,
And hope, and fear, and diſappointment, ſpread

Strong

Strong tremors o'er his ſoul. "What ſtrange delay
Can keep," he cried, "my darling child away?
Why ſpeeds he not a parent's lips to kiſs,
The proof of paſt, the pledge of future bliſs?"

Short was ſuſpenſe; Evander's herald came
Quick o'er the hills and valleys to proclaim,
That dying Henry beg'd a laſt adieu,
E're his freed ſpirit to its manſion flew.

He went; and ſoon with terror he ſurvey'd
The limbs that late with eaſy motion play'd,
Writhing in agony—the ſhort quick breath;
The twitch convulſive, harbinger of death;
The deep low groan, that murmur'd on his ear,
Forc'd from the quiv'ring lip by pangs ſevere,

Tortur'd

Tortur'd the parent's ſoul. Now Heav'n's high bliſs,
And Sin, and Death, and Hell's profound abyſs
Diſtract his buſy thought, and firmly ſeal'd
The lips that late the choiceſt truth reveal'd
In ſilence ſad; when, lo! in accents faint,
And intermingled ſighs, his doleful plaint
Thus utter'd Henry: "Deareſt world, adieu!
Soon muſt thy beauties vaniſh from my view.
Why did I reach to ſturdy manhood's prime,
The blooming fav'rite of impatient Time?
Why the ſweet goblet of indulgence ſip,
If thus I loſe it from my eager lip?
Evander feels no ſhock; Burgundus, ſtrong,
Uninjur'd mingles with the jovial throng:
How hard my lot, for one offence to pine,
At once Caſſandra and the world reſign!"

"Not

" Not hard," Acaſto firmly ſaid, " my ſon;
'Tis juſt to puniſh when the evil's done:
'Tis more than juſt; 'tis mercy to reſtrain
The young tranſgreſſor from ſeverer pain:
Ingrate to Him who gave thee life, and ſpread
Unnumber'd bleſſings on thine infant head;
Who day by day the life he gave upholds,
And Wiſdom's treaſures to thy ſight unfolds;
Dar'ſt thou the volume of offences ſwell,
And, graceleſs, aſk permiſſion to rebel?
Shall health be valued only to repeat
The rites of Bacchus, or the noiſy feat?
To range with libertines, who round them throw
Firebrands of diſcord, as they wildly go?
If ſuch thy choice, let Juſtice urge her claim,
And from the living blot my Henry's name,

Left

Left the foul poiſon lurking in thy breaſt,
The yet untainted with its plague infeſt,
And wide the gangrene ſpread; but e're her blow
Send thy fall'n ſpirit to the ghoſts below,
Thy parent pity; drop the contrite tear;
Excite a hope of penitence ſincere."
He ceas'd, and pray'd in ſilence.—Now aghaſt
He deem'd the moment of repentance paſt,
And groan'd in agony; then ſadly trac'd,
O'er the pale image he had oft embrac'd,
Each movement of the ſoul, and earneſt cried,
" If yet thy ſpirit in her houſe abide,
Speak, ſpeak, my ſon!"—when, lo! to ſooth his fears,
The whiſper'd accents of the youth he hears:
" 'Tis juſt, my ſire; oh ſend, with mine, thy cry
For heav'n-born mercy ere the ſinner die."

Scarce

Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſweet Compoſure gain'd
The ſeat which rude Convulſion had maintain'd:
The half-fix'd eye reſum'd its wonted play,
Sunk the thick film that hid the cheering ray:
The heart again with ſoft pulſations beat,
Glow'd ev'ry member with returning heat:
And Sleep, who long his balmy aid withdrew,
A downy mantle o'er the temples threw *.

* "The Lord killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up." 1 Sam. xi. 6. "And David ſaid unto Nathan, I have ſinned againſt the Lord; and Nathan ſaid unto David, The Lord hath put away thy ſin; thou ſhalt not die." 2 Sam. xii. 13. "I abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes. So the Lord bleſſed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." Job, xlii. 6. 12. "If we ſay we have no ſin, we deceive ourſelves, and the truth is not in us; if we confeſs our ſins, he is faithful and juſt to forgive us our ſins, and to cleanſe us from all unrighteouſneſs." 1 John, i. 8, 9.

Sing,

Sing, ye bright choirs, whoſe voices loud proclaim
Eternal praiſes to Jehovah's name,
A theme too high for man: Love ſtrikes the ſtring;
Let Heav'n's expanſe with acclamations ring,
And golden harps the joyous concert ſwell,
For one repentant ſoul redeem'd from Hell:
And ye, aſſociates of the juſt, prolong,
In notes of ſweeteſt harmony, the ſong;
O tell Acaſto's joy, as to his breaſt
The dear repenting prodigal he preſt;
And grave on tablets that ſhall time defy,
How fum'd the odour of thankſgiving high.

Now brighter beams a wondrous art reveal'd,
And long-hid treaſures by their touch unſeal'd.

Acaſto's vale a blither face aſſum'd,
And flow'rs of ev'ry hue with fragrance bloom'd:
Sweet birds, protected from the fowler's ſnare,
Flock'd round the cot, and hail'd the happy pair:
The lambs friſk'd by them as they went their way,
And all creation hail'd the joyful day:
The ſhepherds left their peaceful flocks to gaze,
While hills reſounded with their merry lays:
The virgins join'd them with their ſofter ſong,
And, deck'd with roſes, danc'd the vale along.

END OF PART II.



P.J. de Loutherbourg R.A. del.r J. Springsguth sculp.r

. above him sat
The screaming Bird of Night: The hissing Bat
Around in circles flew, and at his feet
A high fed Toad forsook his close retreat,
And rais'd his fiery eyes with horrid stare?
Oft as they met the vivid lightnings glare.

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PART THE THIRD.

HENRY AND ACASTO.

As when dull Night, with all her train, retires,
And Light, bleſt produce of the ſolar fires,
Like ſome coy virgin, half unveils her face,
Form'd with expreſſive dignity and grace,
Th' admirer dazzles, and dominion holds,
By ſurer tenure, as ſhe more unfolds;
So Truth, a goddeſs of celeſtial mien,
In glory deck'd, by Henry's eye was ſeen:
Succeſſive charms allur'd him, as he gaz'd,
Till Love's ſtrong paſſion in his boſom blaz'd.

By pray'r devout, by Faith's attraction fill'd *,

Acaſto now, in heav'nly theſes ſkill'd,

Spoke, as he felt, on topics more ſublime

Than ſuit the periſhable ſons of Time,

Who grovel in the duſt: his ardent ſoul

Was fir'd with ſacred zeal: the living coal

Had touch'd his hallow'd lips †: his language flow'd

With that warm tide eternal Truth beſtow'd,

Smooth, ſtrong, and clear; and onward roll'd its courſe,

Exhauſtleſs from the full perennial ſource,

Till Henry's heart its pow'rs prolific knew,

And fruits of grace, as in a garden, grew.

Caſſandra pleas'd no more: the am'rous glance,

Caſt, as ſhe mingled in the mazy dance;

* Acts, xv. 9. † Iſ. vi. 6.

The

The bold coquettiſh; air the project ſly,
To make th' unwary with her ſchemes comply;
The borrow'd pleaſantry; the fond diſplay
Of glittering gewgaws to allure the gay,
Diſguſted ſober Henry, but avail'd
A fop to win whom next her art aſſail'd,
Who learnt too ſoon, that ev'ry charm will cloy,
When friendſhip adds not to connubial joy.

Evander left the noiſy ſeat of Pride,
Again to clamber o'er the mountain's ſide,
Young Henry aſk'd to trace the winding dale,
Or, bolder ſtill, the craggy rock to ſcale.
Still Henry lov'd him; for his gen'rous mind,
For hate, or anger, could no harbour find.

Diſcretion's narrow bounds were now o'erturn'd;
For in his boſom chriſtian mercy burn'd.
'Twas Mercy urg'd him, as the converſe ran
On topics ſuited to decaying man:
He painted Death, with wide-extended jaw,
Engulphing millions in his greedy maw;
Deſcrib'd the monſter near, and told his friend,
'Twas Folly's voice that preſs'd him to attend
The tranſitory ſcenes of life, and miſs
Th' enduring ſubſtance of eternal bliſs.
Evander liſten'd; but, the ſentence done,
The giddy youth on other themes begun.
He aſk'd if thoſe, who boaſt Peruvia's mine,
Should, in the midſt of gay abundance, pine;
Then prais'd the free convivial tribe, who meet
To quaff the ſprightly glaſs, and ſhare the treat.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis not," he cried, " for foul debauch I plead;
Not to uphold the drunkard in his deed:
Chaſe from thy brow, my friend, dull Sorrow's gloom;
Permit not Care dominion to aſſume;
Of thoſe, who love thee, join the happy throng,
And calmly drive Life's even courſe along."

If ever eye for other's grief o'erflow'd,
If ever hand a gen'rous boon beſtow'd,
That eye, that hand, was Henry's; numbers bleſt
The youth of ſympathizing ſoul poſſeſt:
The mourning female, of her ſpouſe bereft;
The orphan infant, to the wide world left;
The poor, who had not where to lay his head;
The ſick, who languiſh'd on the ſleepleſs bed;

The debtor, forc'd his dwelling to reſign,
And in the horrors of a dungeon pine;
All felt his pity, and where'er he trod,
Hail'd him the friend of man, the child of God.
Rich was Acaſto; but the ſage denied
To ope his treaſures at the beck of Pride;
And ſtill the caſkets of his wealth had ſeal'd,
Had Henry's heart 'gainſt Mercy's voice been ſteel'd.

Elate with hopes to pour a healing balm
In wounded minds, and ſtorms of ſorrow calm,
Now Henry ſought the town; with tears of joy,
The parent met his dear returning boy,
And heard him oft the moving tale diſcloſe,
Learnt by the ſharing of a brother's woes.

As once, on deeds munificent intent,
And purſe well furniſh'd, from his home he went,
Evander met him, and by converſe kind,
Educ'd the riches of his wealthy mind.
Onward they trudg'd; engag'd in cloſe debate,
They reach'd the threſhold of Evander's gate:
His roof receiv'd them: ſtill in friendly mood,
By rules of logic, each his point purſu'd,
And each for conqueſt ſtrove; when fading light
Proclaim'd the tidings of approaching night.
Abruptly Henry roſe; but projects deep
Evander plan'd, the gen'rous youth to keep.
His once reſpected comrades round him throng'd,
With greetings hail'd him, and his ſtay prolong'd:
They urg'd diverſion to unbend his mind,
Too long by rigid argument confin'd;

And,

And, well inſtructed in the ſharper's plan,
For trifling ſtakes the dang'rous game began.
Remote from ev'ry baſe ſurmiſe of guile,
The artleſs novice counted on the ſpoil,
And gave, in fancy, half his neighbour's ore
To chaſe ſtern famine from the beggar's door.
Soon chang'd the game; the ſum, that Henry gain'd,
Again the loſer in his purſe retain'd.
The ſtake redoubled; Fortune's favours crown'd
The practis'd gueſts for dexterous play renown'd.
The gold, which Henry meant the poor ſhould bleſs,
Raiſe the ſunk heart, and chaſe the dire diſtreſs,
The crew rapacious ſeize; then barb the dart,
And with inſulting pity tear his heart.
Now keen remorſe the ſoul of Henry fires;
He caſts the glance indignant, and retires.

'Twas

'Twas now the dog-ſtar rag'd: a ſultry air,
That ſeem'd diſcordant elements to bear,
O'erſpread the darken'd earth; while diſtant gleams
Shot through the vaulted ſky their milky ſtreams
From huge portentous clouds. With ſolemn pace
Endeavour'd Henry o'er the hills to trace
His homeward way. A thouſand ſchemes he tried
The foul tranſaction of the night to hide
From good Acaſto; then his ſchemes abhor'd,
Left on th' untainted honour of his word
Too much he ſhould preſume. While thus perplex'd,
And with remembrance of his folly vex'd,
He ſlowly mov'd along; but ſoon his courſe
He felt arreſted by a ſudden force,
And juſt diſcover'd by the lightning's glare
A hagard female with diſtracted air.

His

His feet ſhe claſp'd, and in a mournful tone,
Thus made the burden of her ſorrows known.
" Dear gen'rous youth, attend my plaintive tale,
And let Jemima's ſimple words prevail.
My faithful Edward well thy parent knew,
And much enamour'd with his valour grew.
He fought, brave hero! by Horatio's ſide,
And bath'd with tears his maſter as he died.
Long did his labour keep an infant race,
And decent Plenty ſhow'd her ſmiling face:
But ſad diſeaſe my Edward's frame impair'd;
I felt his anguiſh, and his pangs I ſhar'd;
Increaſing ſorrows now my heart aſſail,
For now our ſcanty bread begins to fail;
Yet ſtill we ſtruggle, ſtill upheld by ſhame,
No clam'rous cries our pinching wants proclaim.

Still had our woe been hid, but one, whoſe ſoul
Was never touch'd by Pity's ſoft control;
One, who ne'er ſhed Compaſſion's ſoothing tear;
A creditor impatient, and ſevere;
A monſter, ſavage as the tiger race,
Tore my lov'd partner from my fond embrace.
O pity, gen'rous youth! thy bounty give,
Bid my kind Edward and his infants live."
One hand ſhe ſtretch'd, and at his feet ſhe clung:
"Woman!" he cried, and from her graſp he ſprung,
And wildly pac'd away, while Fancy drew
Scene upon ſcene terrific to his view;
He ſeem'd to ſee within the darkſome cell
His father's friend in hopeleſs anguiſh dwell,
Seem'd to behold him on the ſtraw-bed lie,
And hear his faint and melancholy cry.

Next buſy thought transferr'd him to the place
Where hunger prey'd upon the infant race;
Where, diſregarded, friendleſs, and alone,
Relentleſs walls receiv'd their fruitleſs moan.
Again Jemima, frantic with deſpair,
Seem'd Heav'n's red vengeance in her hand to bear,
And pour her curſes on his guilty head,
As thus afar from Mercy's call he fled.

Down a deep glen, by craggy rocks beſet,
With foliage girt, that on their ſummits met,
The path conducted to a narrow plain,
Where erſt Devotion held her tranquil reign.
Here by a mountain's woody baſe appear'd
A Gothic pile, in diſtant ages rear'd,

Then

Then join'd in ſymmetry; but hands profane,
Who mock at ſacrilege for ſordid gain,
Its nobler parts deſtroy'd, and bore away
Each lighter ornament, their ruffian prey.
The well-form'd wall the curious trav'ler trac'd
With trees o'ergrown, or ſcanty herbage grac'd;
And, with the love of due proportion fir'd,
The high light arch with ecſtacy admir'd.
Here Henry rov'd, and on a moſs-grown ſtone,
'Mid the huge maſs of ſhapeleſs rubbiſh thrown,
His tott'ring limbs repos'd. Above him ſat
The ſcreaming bird of night. The hiſſing bat
Around in circles flew; and at his feet,
A high-fed toad forſook his cloſe retreat,
And rais'd his fiery eyes with horrid ſtare,
Oft as they met the vivid lightning's glare.

The

The thunders roll'd aloud—"O now," he cried,
"Ye rocks fall on me, and ye mountains hide;
Let this old pile to its foundation quake,
The ſtrong walls crumble, and the turrets ſhake.
Ah! ſee how quick from yonder op'ning ſkies,
The dart of vengeance on the ſinner flies.
Heav'ns, what a peal! 'tis Nature's dying groan;
Deſtruction gapes, and marks me for her own."
A pauſe enſu'd,—and darkneſs, as profound
As that, which Egypt's impious children bound,
O'erſpread the earth.—Now all was huſh'd, and ſtill,
Save that the waters of a neighb'ring rill
Juſt caught the liſt'ning ear; ſave that around,
The drippings patter'd on the thirſty ground,
Long parch'd by ſummer's heat. Thought ruſh'd on thought;
Remorſe, and ſhame, and indignation wrought

A fren-

A frenſied agitation. "Riſe," he ſaid,
"Ye ghoſts long number'd with the guilty dead:
Ariſe, ye fiends; and in my ear reveal,
The horrid pangs, that tortur'd ſpirits feel:
Ariſe, I ſummon you." He ſtopt, and heard
The faint, low murmurs of a diſtant word
Creep through the winding vaults; yet more attent,
To catch the unexpected ſound he bent,
And, ſtiff with horror, heard the voice proclaim
Loud, and diſtinct, his own deteſted name.

'Twas old Acaſto ſpoke: as clos'd the day,
He went to meet his Henry on the way;
Serene his mind; for human foreſight drew
Nought but a picture pleaſing to the view.
He ſeem'd, e'en now, with tranſport to attend
The ſtory told him by the ſick man's friend.

His active fancy now with joy conceiv'd
A tribe of wretches Henry's hand reliev'd,
And pray'd his valu'd ſon might long remain
To ſoften grief, and heal a brother's pain.
But ſoon, alas! was chas'd the golden dream;
Alarm'd, he heard the ſad Jemima's ſcream,
As on ſhe went, half frantic with deſpair,
And all but man invok'd her woes to ſhare.
" From whom, ſad mourner, doſt thou fly?" he cried.
" From ſavage brutes," Jemima ſtraight replied:
" Thy cruel Henry! O my babes, farewell;
Soon ſhall your ſpirits with immortals dwell.
Farewell dear Edward!"—" Henry," ſaid the ſage,
" Is haſting now thy ſorrows to aſſuage.
Meanwhile thy ſpirits, child of Mis'ry, cheer;
Accept this boon to dry the falling tear.

What-

Whate'er thy lot, on gracious Heav'n rely,
My ſon to-morrow to thy aid ſhall fly."
" Ah, no! 'tis Henry's ſelf, who points the dart,"
Jemima cried, " that pierces this ſad heart.
Ungen'rous youth! 'tis he, who bids me weep,
He ſends my hungry babes to Death's long ſleep.
If from theſe clouds no bolt have ſtruck him dead,
See where he ſkulks to hide his worthleſs head;
And ſee—but let me fly."—" My daughter, wait,"
Acaſto trembling cried, with voice elate.
In vain; reſponſive Echo's note alone,
Jemima's name return'd with plaintive tone.
" Myſterious tale!" he ſaid: " O heav'nly Pow'r,
Thy ſervant help in this diſtreſsful hour.
O mingle mercy with the cup of grief,
And ſend my agonizing ſoul relief."

Acaſto reach'd his Henry. " O forbear,
Infernal fiends, my guilty ſoul to tear,"
Exclaim'd the troubled youth; for ſtill he thought,
That ghoſts invok'd, with helliſh malice ſought
To hurl him far away. Acaſto ſigh'd,
And deep-drawn groans, by Sorrow's ſpring ſupplied,
Pour'd on his Henry's ear. " Alas, my ſire,
Far from thy blood-polluted ſon retire."
Purſu'd his child, and more had ſpoke, but felt
The venerable parent, as he knelt,
And kiſs'd his trembling hand, while flow'd apace
The big warm drop adown his wrinkled face.
Touch'd was the chord of ſympathy: the eye,
That late in agonizing grief was dry,
Now pour'd a copious flood; the ſoul diſtreſt,
By guilt confounded, and by anguiſh preſt,

Now

Now taſted Mercy's balm. Night's horrors fled,
And dawn'd Aurora, as Acaſto led
His ſobbing Henry home. A ſoft repoſe
Kind Heav'n allow'd to blunt their keener woes.
When thus, in ſtrains of penitence, the ſon
To pour the fulneſs of his heart begun.

" My friend, my father; look with aſpect mild,
On him, who yet aſſumes the name of child,
On him, who owns thy unremitting care,
And feels, at length, the energy of pray'r.
Oft have I con'd with thee the ſacred word,
Oft the wiſe leſſon from thy lips have heard.
Fool that I was, thy counſel to ſuſpect!
Fool, the commands of Wiſdom to reject!

Whence ſprung the idle fancy of my brain,
That ill-fought pleaſure would not end in pain?
What moral ſlumber caus'd the idle dream,
That happineſs would crown my erring ſcheme?
I thought thee once ſevere: my ſtubborn ſoul
Ill brook'd the wholeſome leſſon of control.
I mourn my folly, and I own him bleſt,
Who leaſt the ſtricteſt precept has tranſgreſs'd.

" Ye ſons of mirth! who with prepoſt'rous joy,
The night in Riot's frantic ſcenes employ,
Say, where's the bliſs to revel at the feaſt,
To drop the manhood and aſſume the beaſt?
To loſe all ſelf-control, and, madly vain,
The bounds of ſober wiſdom to diſdain?

Think,

Think, as ye fill the mantling goblet high,

How *your* exceſs the needy would ſupply!

How what inebriates *you*, would cheer the faint,

How what deſtroys *your* health, would eaſe *his* plaint:

So ſhall two virtues from one action flow,

And charity in ſelf-denial grow.

Think, as your ſplendid chariot rolls along,

How many mourners mingle with the throng.

There ſee the wife, with bleeding heart, bewail

Her much-lov'd partner in the darkſome jail.

See how ſhe eyes each paſſenger, and ſues,

Till none but hearts of ſteel the boon refuſe.

Oh ye, who ne'er approach the clay-built cot,

Ye little know the peaſant's buried lot;

If bleſt with health, though ſcanty be his fare,

He fills his daily taſk unvex'd by care,

And envies not the prince; till dire diſeaſe
Inyade the ſcene of labour, peace, and eaſe.
Then comfort fails him; then the trifle toſt
In Pleaſure's whirlpool, and for ever loſt,
To him would be a mine; 'twould bar the blaſt;
'Twould o'er his limbs the fleecy mantle caſt;
'Twould buy the morſel famiſh'd Nature craves,
And ſave an infant race from early graves.
To you, ye gameſters, ſhould I now relate
The diſmal ſtory of Jemima's fate,
E'en you might learn to feel; 'twas your curſt art
Rob'd the ſad mourner of a ſufferer's part,
And drove her to deſpair." He ſtopt; he ſigh'd,
And hung his head abaſh'd; again he tried
To vent his grief, and fail'd. The rev'rend ſage
Beheld; and thus, his ſorrows to aſſuage,

In language bland addreſs'd him: "Son, refrain
To pore with horror on Jemima's pain.
Soon as ſhe paſs'd thee (Providence decreed),
My purſe was tender'd to ſupply her need.
Think not ſhe ſuffers by a ſhort delay;
For know, ſhe bore an ample gift away.
Let ev'ry care ſubſide; it ill beſeems
Him on whoſe head celeſtial mercy beams,
To ſeek the ſhades of ſadneſs. Son, be glad,
And go, in garments of ſalvation clad,
Go prove the Chriſtian's more than empty name;
Show that a ſtrong and animating flame
Inſpires his ſoul; that where the Chriſtian treads,
This flame aſpires, and kindles more, and ſpreads,
Till Luſt, till Pride, till ev'ry paſſion ceaſe,
And Diſcord end in univerſal Peace.

How

How bleſt my lot! long to ſecure thy weal,
My time was ſpent with unremitting zeal;
And long I trembled, leſt th' enſnaring foe
His baſe ſuggeſtions in thy heart ſhould ſow,
And blaſt my pleaſing proſpects: now he yields;
Now thy ſtrong arm a mighty weapon wields;
From Faith's hard breaſt-plate ev'ry dart recoils,
And the fell fiend ſhall mourn his baffled toils.
Father of mercies! hear thy ſervant's pray'r;
Take my lov'd ſon to thy paternal care;
Shield him from ill, and thy bleſt Spirit ſend
To guide him ſafely to his journey's end.
My work is finiſh'd; humbly now I crave
To lay this care-worn body in the grave,
And mount to realms of joy; yet not my will,
But thine, Diſpoſer of my life, fulfil."

He

He ſpoke no more: his happy ſoul forſook
Her tenement of clay, and inſtant took
Her flight to ſcenes of glory, there to praiſe
Redeeming love in never-ceaſing lays.

But Henry ſtill ſurvives, and, like the fruit,
By ſap ſupported from its hidden root,
Draws ſtrength from depths of Deity, and gives,
As thus connected with his ſource he lives,
To all a beauteous ſhow. When more matur'd,
The ſurly ſtorms of changing life endur'd,
Then may old Time the mellow fruit convey,
To bloom in regions of eternal day.

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